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exhibition of the Water Color Club, under conditions that might be of some concern to the public, there has been awarded a prize of \$100 donated by Mr. Alexander M. Hudnut for the most meritorious water color in the exhibition, given this year for the first time. So far nothing out of the ordinary. The manner of awarding the above prize, however, was altogether unique and original—for Mr Hudnut stipulated that the jury should be composed of art critics of renown.

Mr. Hudnut deserves the gratitude of the art-loving community in thus furnishing a test whereby the public might ascertain beyond the shadow of a doubt the æsthetic acumen and artistic judgment of the art critics of three of the leading journals of the metropolis.

It was a most important event for the future of the Water Color Club and American art, and illustrates how Providence often selects humble instruments to effect far-reaching results. For instead of choosing the dignified Academy with its added prestige of the Society of American Artists, it selected the unpretentious Water Color Club to present to the world the acid test of awarding a prize to the most meritorious painting by a jury of professional art critics, or possibly was it the cosmic spirit of the cosmos that, through the agency of the Water Color Club and Mr. Hudnut invested the dignified members of the jury with cap and bells? The result would seem to justify this latter conclusion.

Instead of giving the prize to one of the very serious efforts, they awarded it to Mr. George Luks for one of the most trivial and amateurish works in the Exhibition, feeble in its crudity and of no great artistic merit, either in composition or form or color—slipshod in drawing and of little interest save a charming blue color. Possibly it might be serviceable as a colored comic for a Sunday supplement.

Perhaps the members of the jury may realize, some day, that it is one thing to write cleverly worded criticisms of art, with the assistance of encyclopædias and books of reference, and another affair to judge of the real æsthetic value of a picture without either theoretical or technical knowledge, or a concern for the highest interests of American art, *i. e.*, the production of something more than a clever stunt in brush-work.

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SMALL SCULPTURE EXHIBITS

Annual exhibits of small sculpture at the Gorham Gallery on Fifth Avenue are becoming a welcome supplement to those larger shows, made, alas, seldom enough by the National Sculpture Society! This winter's collection is perhaps the best yet, certainly the largest and most varied—not to speak of the setting of greenery and carpet of autumn leaves provided by Mr. Purdy the manager of the Gorham exhibitions. On the floor where sales are made the bronzes are too closely placed; they confuse the visitor and repel him by monotony of color. But the exhibition on the highest floor gives an opportunity to vary and separate and group the statues and statuettes and reliefs about a fountain or in an alcove, so that one may readily imagine how a given bit of sculpture might look by itself and in fitting surroundings. Some of the better known sculptors

contribute good work: Attilio Piccirilli shows a "Perseus" in a fine, defiant, exulting pose full of movement, the severed head of Medusa between his feet; Hinton Perry a monumental figure of "Memory" larger than life; Andrew O'Connor a vivid "Fisher Boy"; Cyrus Dallin some characterful Indians in statuette; Chester Beach various dainty fancies in marble; Solon Borglum various Cowboy and Bronco sensations; Herbert Adams a "Nymph of Fynmere." Among the newer names: Miss Jessie M. Lawson supplies a lovely figurine in bronze called "Daphne"—as charming as a bit from the Renaissance; Mario Korbel a "Meditation" well posed and expressive; Cecil Howard a very decorative standing Nubian Woman with bushy head of hair, slender calves, long feet, thick lips—full of Egyptian antique art; and Miss Renée Prahar a study of "War" with long talon-like toes and fingers, long eyes, ears and limbs, who skulks along with arms behind him like an Afreet of the Arabs. These are only some of the notable bits in an attractive collection of to-day's output in sculpture.

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LOSS TO IRISH ARCHÆOLOGY

By the death of George Coffey of Dublin archæology loses a writer who has done much by careful, cautious study to place the Irish past in its relation with that of the rest of Europe. He was director of antiquities in the Dublin Museum and carried on his work when stricken with paralysis long after another man might have given up in despair. His work appears for the most part in journals of archæology and his approvers are men of a similar line of study, like M. Solomon Reinach and the editors of the *Revue Celtique*. Among his most interesting studies is the tracing of certain decorative forms of the spiral and lozenge, found on very ancient stonework in Ireland, to similar designs in the Baltic region, in Russia and the Mediterranean, as if the people bringing them had migrated through the Black Sea, up the great Russian rivers, along the coasts of the Baltic into Britain and Ireland. His son Dermot Coffey has followed his father into later times with studies of Irish leaders of the Elizabethan period.

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ANECDOTES OF MANET

When Edouard Manet was a youth the family insisted that he should follow his father at the law, while he insisted on the contrary that he must paint. A compromise was made by his going to sea as a midshipman in the *Guadeloupe*, a merchantman out of Havre for Rio de Janeiro. The captain was acquainted with Manet's mania and like an able commander made use of the situation. His cargo contained many Dutch cheeses that lost their proper color on the voyage. What does he do but set little Manet to work with brushes and paint "restoring" these modern Dutch masters to their rightful note of color! Manet used to tell this yarn with great gusto when he became a painter.

Edouard Manet, innovator in the technic of painting, was also a Parisian and "man about town." As a member of the militia during the Franco-Prus-

sian war he came under the command of Meissonier, then considered one of the great painters of France; but Meissonier treated him with haughtiness and seemed bent on ignoring completely the fact that Manet was an artist at all. After the war, when Meissonier exhibited his "Charge of the Cuirassiers" at the Petit Gallery, the revolutionary painter went to see it. Since the "deaf war" had been going on between conservatives and radicals in painting for a long time, and since Manet had been by that time generally recognized as a leader of the Academy-outs against the Academy-ins, very particular attention was given to whatsoever he might say regarding a Meissonier. "Why" said Manet "it's very good; now really, it's exceedingly good! The whole picture is in steel—except the Cuirasses." Théodore Duret suggests that this jest—doubly biting because little Meissonier was first famous as an engraver-etcher—was launched in retaliation for Meissonier's insolence during their wartime relations. Since that day the market for pictures has seen a considerable rise in the price for Manets and a very amazing fall in the values placed on Meissoniers.

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CHRIS KAT AND HIS INN

The Kit-Kat Club of New York is an organization for teaching and enjoying art, together with social pleasures such as annual balls. The name comes from colonial times when Sir Godfrey Kneller, a painter invited to England by Charles II from the Netherlands, was the most fashionable portrait painter in London and frequented a tavern kept by one Christopher Cat, who, to judge from his name, was also from the Netherlands. Thus we have old Jakob Cats, poet of Holland and Commodore Decatur, American seafighter. According to Daniel Defoe this worthy innkeeper was called for short Kit Cat. Old Kneller, a mannered but genial person, undertook the portraits of a club formed in 1703 which met at Kit Cat's Inn, and actually finished them to the number of forty-two. On the breaking up of the club in 1720 the pictures went to Jacob Tonson the publisher, who had been the founder and

secretary of the club; some years ago they were in Hertfordshire, England, in the gallery of W. W. R. Baker. They are of a size called on the continent "cabinet" because dimensions and style of painting were adopted to a "den," small library or sitting-room. But the club gave to such paintings in England and America another name; they are Kit Kat in size. An organization like the New York club, setting out to make sketches and portraits halfway between the miniature and life, could not choose a better name. The original Kit Kat club included among its members Marlborough, Addison, Walpole, Dick Steele and other literary and eminent men of the reign of Queen Anne.

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SKYSCRAPERS

To the Editors of The Art World:

Broadly speaking the controlling lines in classic architecture are horizontal and structures in that style may be extended in length and breadth almost indefinitely without loss of cohesion or dignity.

A noble example of a building in classic style is the Pennsylvania Station on Seventh Avenue, covering two city blocks. In no other style could like results have been secured.

The controlling lines in Gothic architecture are perpendicular, ever reaching upwards with inspiring graciousness, and Gothic is well-adapted to the construction of buildings of such abnormal proportions as skyscrapers, carrying them to any height without effort and with attractive results.

The Woolworth Building, Gothic from foundation to finial and the tallest of the skyscrapers, is so successful in reaching upwards to its extreme height that from no point of view does it fail to meet the ideal requirements of its style in mass as well as delicacy in the treatment of its ornamentation; convincing us that structures of this character may be sent gracefully skyward with gratifying results to the limit of the strength of material. Mr. Cass Gilbert in the Woolworth and West Street buildings has satisfactorily demonstrated the adaptability of the Gothic to skyscraper architecture.

G. E. B.

THE BLUE BIRD

By JAMES TERRY WHITE

*The bird within my heart—what need
Has he of more to satisfy,
With pinions from all bondage freed
And the illimitable sky?*

*The edge of his far-reaching wings
Revives my life with gentle beat,
Heals with its soothing touch, and brings
New power to my failing feet.*

*The bird's own self is in my song,
And even the song is sweeter still
As love with thought and feeling long
The need of sympathy to fill.*

*When love took flight, then fled the bird;
But to the fugitive I cry,
"For me hast thou no lyric word
The need and longing to supply?"*

*The bird within my heart—what need
Has he of more to satisfy,
With pinions from all bondage freed
And the illimitable sky?*